

P. o. angl.

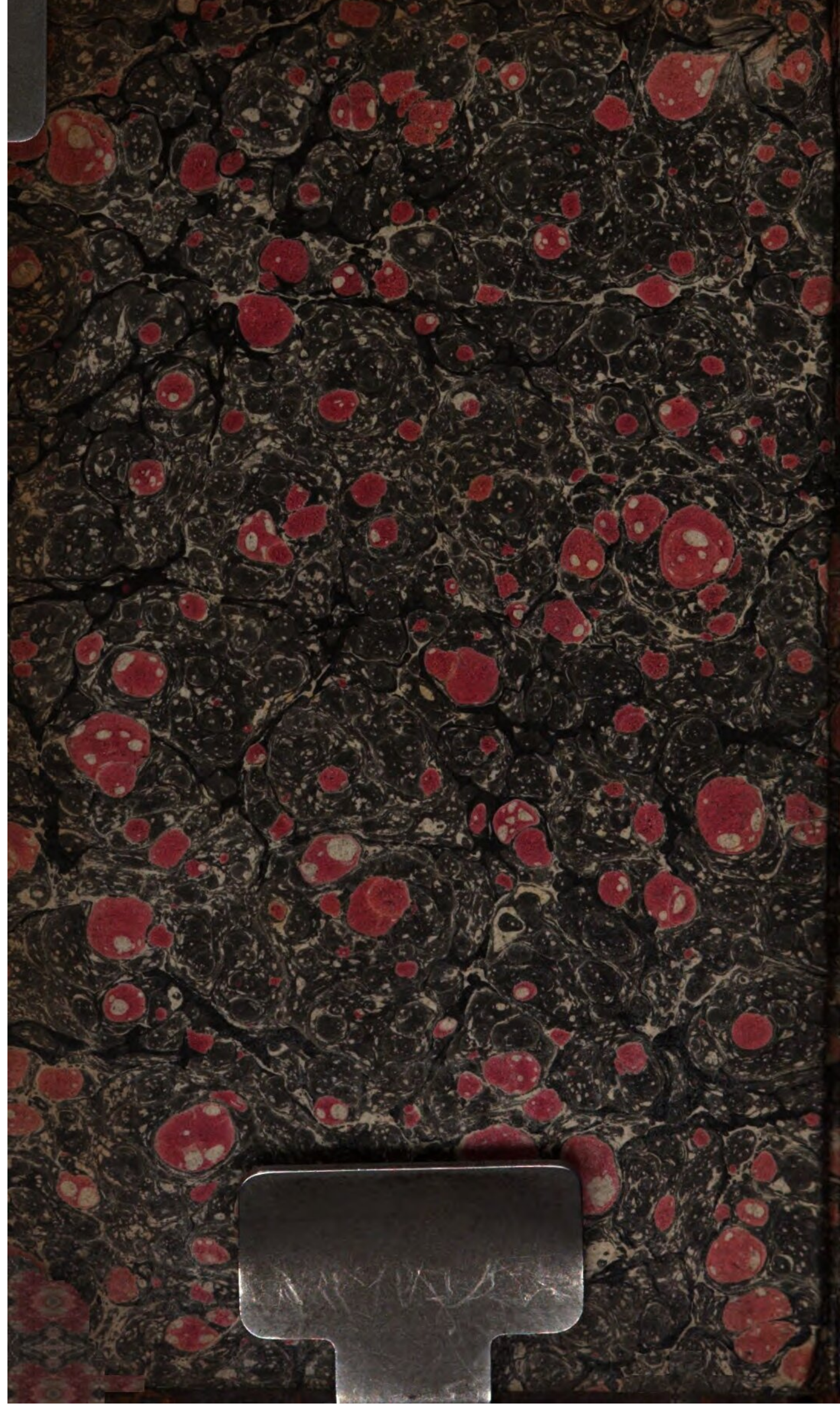
283



P. o. angl.

283







fr v angl. 283

3. P. 57. a.

B. L. angl. pag. 129.

ORIGINAL
P O E M S,

On various Occasions.

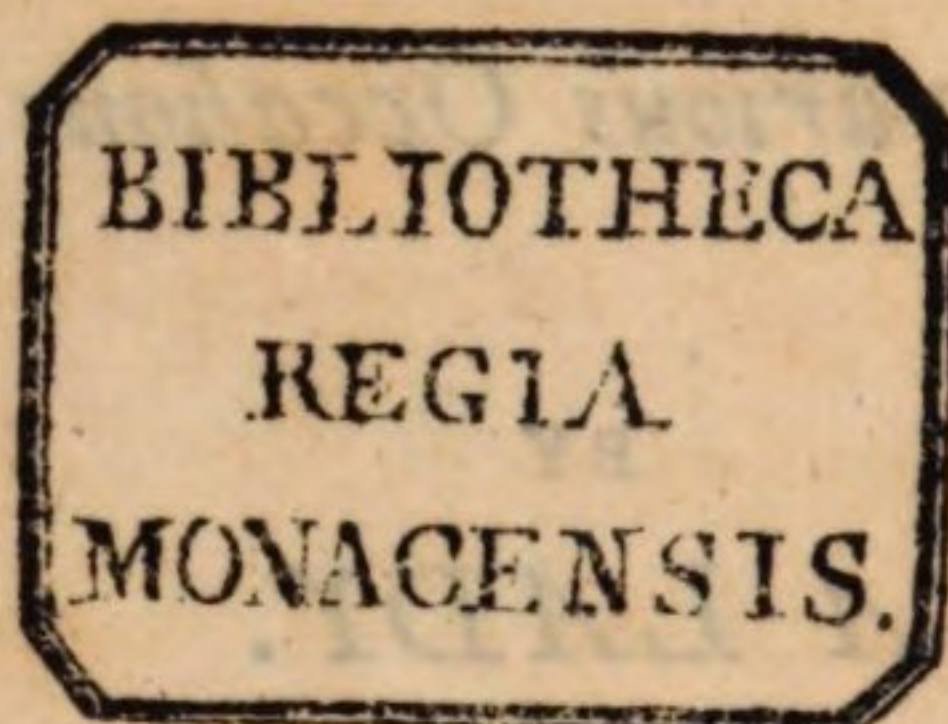
BY
A LADY.

REVISED BY
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.
OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

And sighs shall sooner fail than cause to sigh.
YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

London :
PRINTED FOR J. DEIGHTON, HOLBORN;
J. MATHEWS, STRAND;
AND R. FAULDER, BOND STREET.

1792.



And this shall be the sign to thee.
Yours truly, William Cowper.

London:
Printed by J. DODDING, in Strand;
J. MATHIAS, Stationer;
and W. TAYLOR, Bond Street.

1781.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Writer of the following Poems thinks it necessary to apologize to the Public for obtruding upon them a Work of this nature, particularly at a period when productions of the highest merit are daily pressing forward to engage their attention: But it is at the solicitation of some of her friends that she ventures to offer these little Pieces; not destitute of hope, that, however devoid of merit, they may, on account of their tendency, be candidly received.

These Poems are the genuine fruits of retirement and leisure; and were occasioned by such a series of adverse events, as led the Au-

thor to a peculiar habit of contemplating the ways of an all-wise, over-ruling Providence, and to the experience of that solid happiness in the present life, which often begins where worldly prosperity ends.

If any hints can be collected from the Poems, that may serve to justify and illustrate this assertion, and in any other respect make them as useful to the Reader as they have happily been to the Writer, it will afford the most sensible gratification, and answer the whole design of publishing them.

June 30, 1792.

CONTENTS.

<i>THE Christian dying</i>	Page 1
<i>Free Grace</i>	2
<i>Prayer</i>	3
<i>Written in Sickness</i>	4
<i>Prayer</i>	4
<i>The Christian's View of Pleasure</i>	5
<i>June 14th</i>	6
<i>This World is not our Rest, &c.</i>	7
<i>Hymn</i>	9
<i>Verses to Lady</i> -----	10
<i>Love of Solitude, &c.</i>	11
<i>Resignation</i>	13
<i>My retired Hours</i>	15
<i>The Libertine</i>	19
<i>The Consolation</i>	21
<i>On seeing a certain Advertisement</i>	23
<i>A Hymn</i>	23
<i>The Necessity and Use of Affliction</i>	24
<i>The Retrospect</i>	25
<i>Where has my Ambition led me?</i>	28
<i>Dependence on God</i>	29
<i>Prizing my solitary Opportunities above all Company</i>	29
<i>The Soul's Farewell to Earth, and Approaches to Heaven</i>	30

<i>Affliction</i>	Page 32
<i>Hymn</i>	32
<i>Musing on former Times</i>	33
<i>Hope in the Lord</i>	35
<i>Living in the World, yet not of the World</i>	36
<i>The Invitation</i>	37
<i>Renewed Affliction</i>	38
<i>A Chamber Hymn</i>	39
<i>Thoughts sitting at my Work</i>	41
<i>Musings</i>	42
<i>To my Friend, on her happy Choice</i>	42
<i>Verses on hearing of the untimely Death of -----</i>	43
<i>Apology for Retirement</i>	46
<i>Times past</i>	48
<i>August 7th</i>	49
<i>Going to St. M--- W---</i>	50
<i>In the Church, being there too early</i>	52
<i>Sacramental Hymn</i>	52
<i>Of Behaviour in Public Worship</i>	54
<i>Walking alone into the City</i>	55
<i>Praying for renewing Grace</i>	56
<i>“ Sing to yourselves in Psalms,” &c.</i>	57
<i>Musing</i>	58
<i>Thankfulness</i>	59
<i>Ejaculation, waiting to approach the Lord’s Table</i>	60
<i>A spiritual Song</i>	60
<i>Written in Sicknefs</i>	61
<i>The true Wisdom</i>	62
<i>Am I of the Flock?</i>	63
<i>Work of the Spirit</i>	64

CONTENTS.

vii

<i>In a Season of great Trouble</i>	Page 66
<i>Written in Sicknefs</i>	67
<i>Who are the Redeemed of the Lord?</i>	68
<i>Written under bodily Affliction</i>	69
<i>On bearing of the long-continued Sufferings of a dying Christian, &c.</i>	71
<i>The Sinner's Morning Song</i>	72
<i>Evening Meditation on the Crucifixion</i>	74
<i>Evening Hymn</i>	76
<i>God's free Gift of Love</i>	77
<i>To Miranda, on her leaving me</i>	80
<i>The Gardener</i>	82
<i>Soliloquy</i>	83
<i>Written after a Storm</i>	84
<i>Praying for Grace</i>	85
<i>The Infidel</i>	86
<i>Astrea. Thoughts on her Character</i>	87
<i>Verses written in the Time of Affliction for the Loss of a Son by a melancholy Accident</i>	88
<i>The Wish</i>	90
<i>Thoughts journeying</i>	90
<i>Worldly Anxiety</i>	91
<i>Occasioned by the foregoing Verses</i>	92
<i>Devout Contemplation</i>	93
<i>Written soon after a heavy Loss</i>	95
<i>Verses in Memory of the Author's Mother</i>	96
<i>On the same</i>	98
<i>Penitential Hymn</i>	99
<i>Advice to a pious Friend, &c.</i>	101
<i>Meditation</i>	102

<i>Preparation for Prayer</i>	Page 105
<i>Memorandum</i>	106
<i>Song in the Night</i>	106
<i>Leadings to true Comfort</i>	107
<i>Humility</i>	109
<i>The dying Arminian, or Perfectionist</i>	110
<i>Prayer</i>	113
<i>Communion with God</i>	113

POEMS.

THE CHRISTIAN DYING.

His steady eye surveys the happy shore,
Where grief, and pain, and sickness, are no more:
He counts the mighty ransom that was given
To waft the sinner's soul in peace to Heaven;
Dwells on the promis'd bliss to lost mankind,
While praise exalted fills his humble mind;
Not to himself, but to his Saviour flies,
And in his boundless love exulting dies.

FREE GRACE.

HAPPY soul, whoe'er thou be,
Who dwell'st with Christ in unity ;
Happiest thou of human race,
Who know'st the sweets of sov'reign grace.
Whether on life's uneven road
Thou travel urg'd by sorrow's goad,
Or by thy Maker's kindness led,
Through smoother paths at leisure tread,
Thy faith alike in both is tried,
And both to thee are sanctified :
A sinner still, but still forgiven,
Thou art the constant care of Heaven ;
And spotless in Jehovah's sight,
Since Jesus bled, to wash thee white.

7.12

PRAYER.

O THOU ! from whom all blessings spring,
My God, my Saviour, and my King !
Enrich my heart with grace divine,
And Nature's stubborn acts refine ;
Enlarge my faith, my will restrain,
Charge home the foul-polluting stain
Of in-bred guilt, and let me feel
That Thou alone hast power to heal.

O wondrous Saviour ! whom to know,
Is thine own Heaven begun below,
Cherish the rising spark within,
And quell the force of in-bred sin ;
All idols in my heart dethrone,
That God may reign—and God alone.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

FREELY I to God resign
Whatever is accounted mine;
Seeking only to be blest
In his love's eternal rest.
Oh the blifs of pains that tend
Right toward so sweet an end!
Emerging from the darksome tomb
See the King of Horror come!
Horror's King—but not to me,
Whom the Saviour hath fet free.

PRAYER.

To paths of blifs incline their straying feet,
With heavenly wisdom make their souls replete:
Give them, O God! that source of sacred joy,
That which the changeful world can ne'er destroy:
Enlist them with thy shining saints above,
And bless them here with the Redeemer's love.

THE CHRISTIAN'S VIEW OF PLEASURE.

THE hardest task the Christian heart can know,
Is to relinquish all it loves below.
Where creature-comforts, tender ties, conspire
To rule the soul and quench the sacred fire,
And earth's delusive splendours brightest shine,
How dimly gleams the spark of love divine!
Veil'd are the glories of redeeming grace,
The Saviour's love to man's degenerate race,
When souls immers'd in vanity and noise
Seclude the prospect of Heaven's brightest joys.

Say ye, whose hearts with sacred ardour glow,
What solid pleasures from religion flow;
Say, for ye only can, what raptures rise
From the exalted Theme of earth and skies,
Whom angels sing, experienc'd saints explore,
And shall in blest eternity adore.

Eternity! O sweet, tremendous sound!
Hell's deep abyss re-echoes it around:
Who would not wish life's toil and trouble done,
To see this blest eternity begun;
Where angels tune their golden harps, and sing
Immortal praises to th' Immortal King?

Heaven's widest confines catch the melting song,
And to new worlds the welcome theme prolong :
Ecstatic ardours in each bosom glow,
And purest bliss, which only angels know.
Who would not wish life's toil and trouble done,
To see this blest eternity begun ?

JUNE XIVth.

—LET Faith and holy Hope be there,
And all my soul for God prepare :
Let ev'ry Christian grace attend,
To bear me to my God and Friend ;
Softens each painful, parting breath,
And gild the solemn shades of Death.

1. *THIS WORLD IS NOT OUR REST.*
 2. *THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS SHALL NOT BE JUSTIFIED.*
-

VAIN are those joys that erring man provides,
Vain the pursuit of sublunary things!
Wisdom the sandy edifice derides,
Scoffs at the fading pageantry of kings.
Sooner some wileless trifler shall essay
To carve the image on the quivering flame,
Than wrest contentment from a single day
Giv'n to the world, to pleasure, wealth, or fame.

The noontide of Lorenzo's joy is o'er,
And youth's intoxicating smiles are gone;
The world's fantastic scenes delight no more;
Loud-laughing mirth, and wit, and jest, are flown.
Yet these are trivial losses, and he feels
A thousand woes than these far more intense;
With soul-distracting pangs of guilt he reels,
While threat'ning Death demands his victim hence.

Quick o'er his lonely couch pale Sicknefs throws
The trembling horrors of some dire difease :
To injur'd Heaven he pours his impious vows ;
But vows, nor prayers, his frightened foul appeafe.
Alas, Lorenzo ! what avail thee now
The gifts of Fortune, or the phantom Power,
Thofe idols, deaf and dumb, that ne'er beftow
One folid comfort in the trying hour ?

As foon the trav'ler on his darkfome way,
Benumb'd with winds and chilling froft, fhall gain
New warmth and vigour from the feeble ray
Of meteors gliding through th' ethereal plain.
To what new fystem fhall Lorenzo fly ?
Shall "moral rectitude" his foul fecure ?
What "deed" the force of quick'ning grace fupply ?
Or "confcious virtue" make the finner pure ?

Say, can the tinkling of the neighb'ring ftream
The riches of the Gofpel truths convey ?
Or can the glow-worm, with her languid beam,
Unfold the glories of immortal day ?
As foon fhall thefe the wondrous task perform,
To wounded minds the healing balm impart,
As Man—vain, impotent, felf-righteous worm—
With ought but faith confole his aching heart.

HYMN.

WHEN wing'd with gay prosperity
The hours unheeded flew,
A gracious God protected me
From ills I never knew.

Though louring skies on me descend,
And rugged paths I tread,
His "friendly" staff shall still defend,
And lift my fainting head.

Sometimes along the briery way
Undaunted I shall go;
Amidst the thorns unwounded stray,
Nor heed the watchful foe.

Through ev'ry rayless providence
My strengthen'd steps pursue
The promise of Omnipotence,
A God for ever true.

When Night has canopied the sky,
We view the Milky Way:
So Faith can dart from earth her eye,
And find immortal day.

VERSES TO LADY —.

AN hapless maid ! whose virtues, once thy own,
The lustre of thy brilliants far outshone ;
Couldst thou awhile thy waken'd self attend,
And see where all these short-liv'd glories end ;
Couldst thou for once the circling crowd exclude,
And taste the joys of guiltless solitude,
Where Wisdom roams her silent haunts among,
And Contemplation mocks the giddy throng ;
Where peaceful scenes each ruder sense controul,
And the " still voice " awaits the humble soul ;
There, * * , would thy conscious mind enjoy
Those heart-felt pleasures that can never cloy ;
There, peaceful once again, thy soul should feel
Joys that the world can neither give nor steal.

1. *LOVE OF SOLITUDE.*2. *VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE.*

WHILE others, lost in pleasure's guilty round,
Blast the glad season of their fleeting youth,
Let me in solitary joys abound,
Fond of the paths of piety and truth :
Give me in Wisdom's volume to descry
The mysteries of love and grace divine,
By Scripture taught, with penetrating eye
To scan the world aright, and to resign.

Deluded world ! infatuated throng !
To spurn the treasure that no force destroys,
Nor see the baneful weed that lurks among
The fairest bloom of your embitter'd joys.
Amid the clamours of the loudest mirth,
Thoughts in unwelcome guise will oft have part,
Will prompt the wish, th' involuntary sigh,
“ And rouse reflection in the gayest heart.”

Bear me, ye guardians of the mind sincere,
To scenes sequester'd from the haunts of men;
The pensive soul with ev'ry grace prepare,
Sacred to Virtue and her blisful train:
With these conversing, and by these renew'd,
Ne'er shall I feel ambition's lawless sway,
But in the paths my earliest steps pursu'd,
In search of Wisdom's pleasures safely stray.

Come, holy Wisdom, fav'rite gift of God!
With thine attendant grace, Humility;
Descend, bright visitant! and make abode
Where museful Melancholy waits for thee.
Ah, what avails fair India's shining store,
The purple treasures of the gorgeous East?
What joy, to quit the charms of regal power,
To dwell with thee, thou soul-enlight'ning guest!

Not the attractive voice of worldly fame,
Nor syren sound of dullest flattery,
Could tempt my heart thy labours to disclaim,
Or slight the blessings that belong to thee.
How has my soul in secret wish preferr'd
The lonely walk and solitary shade,
The painted vanities of life abhorr'd,
And all the pageantry that pomp display'd!

Joyless the gilded equipage I view'd,
 The dull variety of senseless show;
 The world's gay path without delight pursu'd,
 Nor felt the transports that from grandeur flow.
 Slave to the wretched world's imposing forms,
 See Sacharissa deck'd in gold brocade;
 She owns that grandeur has no real charms,
 And sighs for virtue in the sylvan shade.

RESIGNATION.

BE hush'd my tongue, nor murmur or complain;
 With pious awe the struggling tear restrain.
 Dark is my path and intricate my way,
 But God will send the soul-reviving ray:
 The chasten'd son he to himself receives,
 And for short woe, eternal sunshine gives;
 Eternal sunshine of the blest above,
 Whose sole employment is to praise and love.

These let me imitate in humble guise,
 Till my unfetter'd soul shall boldly rise,
 Releas'd from earth, and join th' angelic throng,
 And with their pow'rs the wondrous theme prolong.

O foul-enam'ring fight, where God displays
His beauties infinite to mortal gaze !
How shall the faint cast down his radiant eyes
Upon this grov'ling world ; its scenes despise ;
With wonder view its once-bewitching toys,
The paltry substitute for real joys !
How chang'd ! absorb'd in one eternal light ;
Peace without end, and joys for ever bright.
No more in darksome veil of cumbrous clay,
The sin-fraught soul drags the slow hours away,
Pond'ring with Faith's dim eye the sacred road,
The shadow'd mysteries that lead to God :
But clearly seen is all the mazy way,
Dispell'd the mists by Heaven's enlight'ning ray ;
There cloudless beams of matchless wisdom shine ;
And all the chain of attributes divine,
Through the resplendent throng of angels sung,
Employ for ever each celestial tongue.

MY RETIRED HOURS.

YE gentle days that once were mine,
In every charm of life array'd,
No more awaken my regret,
No more my settled peace invade.

Fresh hope of permanent delight
My meditating thoughts pursue;
Nor can the charms of time or sense
Obscure the bright, the heavenly view.

My convert heart delights to muse
On fallen man's deliv'rance found,
The sacrifice, the cleansing blood,
That for his bleeding guilt aton'd:

Of man's estate in Paradise,
Of endless mercy's wide display,
Of cov'nant love, and Gospel grace,
That point to Heaven th' unerring way:

Such themes as these, in early years,
My secret hours have oft inspir'd,
My infant hands with wonder rais'd,
My infant heart with rapture fir'd.

Witness ye faints invifible,
Ye guefts unfeen, whose guardian care
Preserves the foul from threat'ning ill,
And wafts to Heaven the pious tear:

Witness—for ye have oft beheld—
How (for fuperior joys design'd)
My humble fteps retirement fought,
Leaving the bufy world behind:

How, in the fweet fequefter'd fhade,
Where ——'s fair meand'ring flood
Pours its rich fstreams around the plains,
And gurgles near the favourite wood,

At morn, at noon, at dewy eve,
Oft by the moon's foft-glancing ray,
In fearch of Wifdom's rare delights
My feet unwearied lov'd to ftray.

And are those transitory hours,
So sweet to my remembrance, gone?
Sunk in the deep abyfs of time,
Beyond the reach of fancy flown?

Ye swift-wing'd messengers, farewell,
And all the pleasures that ye gave;
Sweet earnest of unfading joys
That wait my soul beyond the grave.

Loos'd from the vexing world below,
O! when shall I to these attain?
When to that blisful region go,
That yields no sorrow, tear, or pain?

There shall my disencumber'd soul
Distinctly view the grand design
Of each mysterious providence,
The gracious plan of love divine.

How dim foe'er the eye of sense,
How faint foe'er each mental power,
There we shall trace Omniscience,
And all his sov'reign will explore;

Companioning with angels bright,
Perhaps with kindred spirits join'd,
Adore the self-existent God,
That brought salvation to mankind.

Delightful Theme of endless bliss!
How little know the world of Thee!
Only the pilgrim hasting on,
And panting for eternity.

He joyful views, with steady eye,
Where faithful labourers abide;
Beholds the glittering gates on high,
On golden hinges opening wide.

There all his thoughts and wishes tend,
Anxious he marks the heavenly road,
Compassionates the senseless world,
And languishes—to be with God;

To see the “very Paschal Lamb,”
In everlasting bliss enthron'd,
And mingle with those blessed saints,
That live with endless glory crown'd.

O! how with "ever-tuned harps"
 They sing "the Lamb's mysterious song;"
 Myriads of cherubs catch the sound,
 Echoing from each celestial tongue.

Celestial tongues alone can reach
 The height of that celestial strain,
 Their tongues alone who see his face,
 And with the Lamb for ever reign.

Unwearied through eternity,
 Their pleasing toil they still pursue,
 And spread around th' ethereal space
 The glorious theme, for ever new.

THE LIBERTINE.

SAY, wretched wanderer, whom the world insnare,
 Do all thy joys compensate half thy cares?
 Where is the balm to ease the aching breast,
 When sudden sickness steals thy wonted rest?
 When Sleep on downy wing flies swift away,
 And thou in anguish wait'st the dawn of day?

The day new dawns ; but sadder gloom it wears
Than dreary night, the nurse of guilty fears.

And must “ the gallant, gay Lothario ” die ?
That pleasing form in Death’s rude mansion lie ?
Must he relinquish to his hated heir
The gilded equipage and glittering star ?
No more in courts eclipse the brilliant’s blaze,
Whilst envying crowds in busy murmur gaze ?
Of each gay circle once the gayest part—
(Unsoothing triumph to his mournful heart,
Where peaceless thoughts of guilt and folly flow,
And all enhance his dread of endless woe.)

Upbraiding Sin the yawning gulph prepares,
And Death with complicated gloom appears.
What matchless terrors rack his frenzied brain !
His speech is wildness, and his prayer profane ;
In broken sounds he challenges his God,
And dies beneath the justice of his rod.

THE CONSOLATION.

My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.
"O that my heart might dwell aloof
"From all created things,"
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!

Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy Heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
The fighting-ones, that humbly seek
In forrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast insnare.

Courage, my soul ! on God rely ;
Deliv'rance soon will come :
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

Ere first I drew this vital breath,
From Nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me.
But Thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,
Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ, the " corner-stone."

So comforted and so sustain'd,
With dark events I strove,
And found them, rightly understood,
All messengers of love ;
With silent and submissive awe
Ador'd a chastening God ;
Rever'd the terrors of his law,
And humbly kiss'd the rod.

ON SEEING A CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENT.

So then—farewell ye fugitive delights,
Ye glassy splendours, once so much enjoy'd,
And hop'd more lasting—O my halcyon days,
Whose pleasing round of gay felicities
The wisest had beguil'd—farewell for ever!

So the pleas'd child who hath a bubble rais'd,
Joys in the airy globe, and views, surpris'd,
The gaudy colours that its surface shews;
But ere his raptur'd eye beholds his face
In the slight mirror, with a sudden burst
It vanishes, and can be found no more.

A HYMN.

THOUGH frail and sinful dust I am,
By nature born impure;
Yet look I to the spotless Lamb,
That brings me “health and cure.”

Though weak in faith, I onward go,
Led by my gracious Guide,
And dwell upon the promis'd word,
That Christ for sinners died.

Forth then, my soul, in Gospel light,
Pursue the shining way,
And taste the riches of his grace,
As every sinner may.

THE NECESSITY AND USE OF AFFLICTION.

SAY, would the teeming earth its treasures yield,
Or grateful plenty crown the smiling field,
If bright'ning suns unceasing warm'd the plain,
And vernal gales for ever fann'd the grain?
What fruit from rural labours would accrue,
If the till'd earth no change of season knew?
Needful alike, the varying seasons bring
The chilling winter and the genial spring;
And Earth's best products ask, that they may grow,
The aid of chaf'ning frost and mellowing snow.
Such and so various is the deep-laid plan,
On which Heaven cultivates the mind of man.

The gifts of Heaven unsalutary prove,
Not duly temper'd with correcting love.
If fair prosperity continual shine,
Our virtues and our graces all decline;
Nor need we more soft showers and breezes warm,
Than the rude winter and the threat'ning storm.

Whate'er the mean, whate'er the trial prove,
 The children own the Father's saving love;
 With pious awe their mingled cup receive,
 And taught by grace, unmurmuring believe.

THE RETROSPECT.

COME, Holy Spirit, love divine,
 Thy cleansing power impart;
 Each erring thought and wish refine,
 That wanders near my heart.
 There let thy quickening breezes blow,
 Thine influences be,
 Such as revive thy hidden-ones,
 And lift their souls to Thee.

Thro' dark'ning rains and threat'ning storms
 My little bark doth ride:
 O save me from the fatal wreck
 Of Sin's devouring tide.
 By past corrections humbled still,
 Let no vain passion start
 Within the consecrated veil
 Of a believer's heart.

Oft hast thou cast me to the ground,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and pain;
Yet hath thy pitying hand restor'd,
And led me forth again;
Forth from the shade of fullen woe,
From darkness and dismay;
And o'er my anguish pour'd the sweet
Consolatory ray.

O Lord! how mingled was thy love
In all my deep distress!
Thou gav'st the knowledge of thy word,
That gift of sovereign grace!
And shall my peevish heart regret
The momentary pain,
That follows on departed joys
In life's contracted span?

Time's little inch, that steals away
With every fleeting breath,
And points to an eternity
Beyond the reach of Death.
Enough, my soul, enough of Time,
And Time's uncertain things;
Farewell that busy hive, the world,
And all its thousand stings.

As feathers on the passing stream,
Our earthly pleasures move ;
And tranfient as the evening beam,
That gilds the verdant grove.

To other climes, to other skies,

My lifted foul aspires :
Thither my wandering thoughts ascend,
And all my best defires.

Awhile I strive, awhile I mourn,

'Midst thorns and briers here ;

But God vouchsafes with love divine

My drooping heart to cheer.

Though meaner than the meanest faint,

My heavenly Guide I fee ;

I hear a voice behind me fay,

“ That Jesus died for me.”

WHERE HAS MY AMBITION LED ME?

—E'EN to the height of God's eternal throne,
Where my affections, my desires, are gone.
No view of this frail, fleeting scene of things,
Pleasures that tire, or riches that have wings,
Can fill the heart, or feed th' aspiring mind,
For purer blifs, for better joys design'd.

Though once furrounded by each fair delight,
Whate'er could sooth the sense or charm the sight,
Whate'er the flattering world could best impart,
Sublimer prospects more possess'd my heart:
These, like the breaking of the morning sun,
O'er all my sweetest earthly comforts shone;
And still they shone with undiminish'd ray,
When all those earthly comforts died away:
Faith, join'd with humble Hope, bade sorrow cease,
And o'er my soul diffus'd the balm of peace.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

THOUGH hearts were cold and wills perverse,
And every channel dry;
Exhaustless flow those heavenly springs
Which all my wants supply.

An all-foreseeing God provides,
Where I no prospect find;
And, guided by his hand, I leave
Darkness and woe behind.

Hope, from the everlasting hills,
On shining wing descends;
And Faith, preeminently bright,
Her sacred flight attends.

*PRIZING MY SOLITARY OPPORTUNITIES
ABOVE ALL COMPANY.*

How sweet in silent thought to trace
The riches of redeeming grace!
To reckon mercies o'er and o'er,
And find them such an endless store!

Jesus! everlasting theme!
Constant source of bliss supreme!
On thy fulness let me live,
From thy finish'd work receive
Humble faith and holy fear,
Courage, joy, and love sincere;
From the chain of Sin set free,
Bound alone, O Christ! to Thee.

*THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO EARTH, AND
APPROACHES TO HEAVEN.*

FAREWELL thou restless world, whose unsound joy,
False hopes, and vain pursuits, man's life destroy;
Poison in golden cups thou gav'st to me,
But I no longer have to do with thee.

My soul, uplifted on celestial wing,
Hears Heaven's high vaults with Hallelujahs ring.
To worlds of blessedness I bend my flight,
And tread th' immortal regions of delight:
'Spight of the cumbrous clay my thoughts arise,
And wing'd with rapture, gain the ample skies;
Thence, on this earth's inferior surface scan
The specious pleasures of deluded Man,

The glitt'ring gems of time and sense disdain,
And all the tribe of mortal cares, as vain.

Look down, my soul, upon thy prison scene,
That globe of wretchedness, where thou hast been
A pilgrim, toiling o'er the rugged way,
While sin and sorrow mark'd the tedious day;
Where the proud worldling bears despotic power,
And Satan's empire his gay sons adore;
Where dark-ey'd Superstition madly reigns,
And grov'ling Ignorance the soul enchains.

How blest am I, whom Contemplation bears
Above this veil of complicated cares.
Ascend, my soul, uncheck'd thy ready wings,
Stoop not to mingle with created things;
The smiling or the frowning world survey
With calm indifference—scene of children's play;
Where all is tinsel, and a transient show,
And nothing lasts but vanity and woe.

Still onward haste, my soul, till towering high
Above this sphere of dull mortality,
Earth's baneful pleasures at the best may seem
“The baseless fabric” of some idle dream.

*The above Poem has been printed before: it was sent,
without the Author's knowledge, to the Editor of the
Theological Miscellany, and appeared in that work.*

AFFLICTION.

I bow, unequal to the load,

But my chastiser is my God.

Unmurmuring then, beneath his hand,

O let me meek and patient stand,

Acknowledge his unerring ways,

Amidst the furnace give him praise.

Wise and good is the Most High ;

Guilty, foolish, faithless, I.

I bow, unequal to the load,

But my chastiser is my God.

HYMN.

FROM Sin's polluted stain

Thou wilt my thoughts refine,

And teach me wealth to gain

From Wisdom's golden mine.

Communing, Lord, with thee,

Contemplating thy ways,

I pass the live-long day,

And pour my ceaseless praise.

Through all the changeful view
Of sublunary things,
What theme can I pursue
That such contentment brings?

Thine influencing power,
O Majesty on high!
Brightens the gloomy hour,
And checks the rising sigh;

Leads the afflicted mind
By Wisdom's heavenly ray,
The glad resource to find
Of Christ, the living way.

MUSING ON FORMER TIMES.

SHALL I, who am a pilgrim hasting on
Through the dark mazes of this changeful world,
Stand still, to contemplate the wrecks of Time?
Or cast a retrospect on *former scenes*,
The unsecure delights of time and sense?
—Ah! rather let me fly the guileful charm,
Each sad memorial of my perish'd joys.

Those gay attendants on my former years :
These, like autumnal leaves, were thickly strew'd,
Sweet messengers of love, and trial too !
For ah, how dear ! how with united force
They wove their filken bands around my heart,
Till Sovereign Mercy cut the tender tie
Of each deluding joy, and claim'd her own.
Resisting Nature murmur'd at the wound,
But (taught by Grace) found even sorrow sweet,
And bless'd the rod, convinc'd by every stroke
That all was mercy and redeeming love.

Adieu, ye sublunary scenes, adieu !
Adieu to all that could retard my flight,
Or check my anxious steps, or cast a veil
Betwixt my God and me ; whose awful voice
Calls back my soul to immortality.

What tho' begirt with danger, sin, and sorrow,
With trembling feet and languid heart I move,
And sometimes panting mount the sacred hill ;
Faith comes, a cherub bright, on airy wing,
And points my way to Heaven ; where all is calm,
Unchangeably secure ; where, is the day,
Whose high, perpetual noon will ne'er admit
The slightest shade ; and peaceful pleasures flow,
Clear, and unmingled with the streams below.

HOPE IN THE LORD.

ALL this gloom thou canst dispel,
All the darts of Satan quell.
Counsel me, most holy Lord!
Teach me thy unerring word;
Thy directing Spirit send,
Thou! my Saviour and my Friend!
Breathe thine influence divine
On this rebel heart of mine;
Every wish and thought remove
Savouring not of heavenly love.
—Child of Adam, heir of Sin,
Frail, unholy, and unclean,
Is there aught of good in me,
Lord! it all belongs to Thee.
All that Man, with erring eye,
Thinks he can in me descry,
Thou in very truth supply:
Realize the partial praise,
Righteous Lord! thine honour raise;
Give me what Thou canst approve,
Make me all that Thou canst love.

*LIVING IN THE WORLD, YET NOT OF THE
WORLD.*

THE soul irradiated with truth divine,
On whom the rays of grace and mercy shine;
Who sees the golden beam of love display'd,
For sinning Man the gracious ransom paid;
Wean'd from Earth's trivial scenes, to Heaven
aspires,

There fixes all her hopes, her fond desires.
In secret union with her God, she finds
Pleasure and peace unknown to sensual minds;
And though no purling rill, or favourite grove,
Invite her thoughts to themes of sacred love;
Though never more on Avon's banks to stray,
Or in sweet solitude beguile the day;
In crowds retir'd, she feels the lambent flame,
No rival there—the object still the same:
Nor time nor place can her glad hopes destroy,
Fix'd on the basis of immortal joy.

THE INVITATION.

O GRACE! all-comprehending source
 Whence Faith divinely flows,
 Come to my breast with heavenly force,
 And Sin's dread power oppose.
 In thine illuminating rays
 Atoning love appears:
 The Lord his righteousness displays,
 And banishes my fears.

My soul, with joy the gift receive,
 Eternal life is thine:
 Bankrupt thou art, hast nought to give
 For favour so divine.
 But hark! e'en now I hear it said,
 "The gift indeed is free;
 "But oh th' inestimable price
 "The Saviour paid for thee!"

Yes, dearest Lord! my heart replies,
 The ransom all is paid;
 For this Thou left'st thy native skies,
 And wast my Surety made:

And if the Father deigns to hear
A suppliant sinner's suit,
Thy intercession wins the ear,
Thy wounds are never mute.

RENEWED AFFLICTION.

AGAIN beneath thy chaf'ning rod I bow,
And on my head fresh streams of sorrow flow;
The gath'ring clouds o'ertake my bright'ning day,
And the sad scene admits no cheering ray:
Yet, while thy tempests roar on every side,
And far-stretch'd horrors all my comforts hide,
Low at thy cross my trembling knees I bend,
Till gracious Thou some healing influence send.

Thou to whom all my secret griefs are known,
And all my weakness, my corruptions, shown;
Can I thy shafts, thy terrors, Lord, withstand,
Sent by the force of an almighty hand?
How shall a worm with Deity contend?
Who knows not where th' unequal strife must end?
Subdue me rather, O my God! and find,
O'ercome by sovereign grace, my will resign'd;
So shall my tongue an holy silence know,
And filial tears alone my sorrow show.

A CHAMBER HYMN.

THE Lord is my protector,
To him I fly for aid;
My refuge and director;
Why is my heart afraid?
Though amid threat'ning danger,
Oppress'd by many a care,
My heart, be thou a stranger
To unbelieving fear.

Thy God, with love unceasing,
His people will secure;
Their fainting strength increasing,
He proves his promise sure.
Oft at this baneful hour,
That teems with every ill,
Faith manifests his power,
And bids the heart be still.

Though like a roaring lion
The Prince of Darkness roam,
The souls that dwell in Sion
Have there a peaceful home.

In vain the force of legions,
All impotent their might;
Peace, from the heavenly regions,
Breaks through the gloom of night.

Some guardian spirit near me,
Whose office is of love,
Methinks is sent to cheer me
With comfort from above:
Or what's this blest sensation?
This gleam of cordial hope?
Kind tokens of salvation,
That bear my spirits up?

Yes—from their heavenly places
Commission'd angels fly,
To cheer the Christian's graces,
And raise his courage high.
Oh pleasure past expressing!
What rapture must be theirs,
Who bring the cup of blessing
That God himself prepares!

THOUGHTS SITTING AT MY WORK.

How fares my soul whilst earthly cares intrude?
Shall any cares thy favourite theme exclude?
What though the world its tasteless forms impose,
A debt to duty, which no pleasure knows;
Still to thy God thy secret thoughts ascend;
Thither thy wish, thy warm affections, tend:
Of error cautious, and of sin afraid,
A ceaseless suppliant for almighty aid,
Some guardian spirit, Wisdom's heavenly ray,
To guide thee safely on the devious way.

If angels weep, how must they weep to know
What Christians suffer in this vale of woe!
The toilsome warfare that they all maintain,
Whilst struggling against Sin's detested reign!
And how they mourn the griefs by others known,
While pierc'd with secret anguish for their own.

High as thou art, my soul, the ransom'd heir
Of endless bliss, above yon radiant sphere;
That bliss, as yet with-held, from far survey,
Obedient wait—in God's appointed way;
His will, the golden chart thy course to guide,
And bear thee safely thro' the world's rough tide;
Land thee triumphant on that peaceful shore
Where sin and sorrow shall approach no more.

MUSINGS.

THOUGH pent within this fleshly veil,
Groving amid the sons of care,
Oft will my thoughts unbidden steal
Where pure, unmingled pleasures are.
Whence has the soul this wondrous art,
Whilst fetter'd by a thousand ills?
No human aid can power impart
To mount the everlasting hills.
No:—'tis the Lord that reigns above,
The influence of his sovereign love.

TO MY FRIEND, ON HER HAPPY CHOICE.

THY prayer is heard:—He who directs thy muse,
Inspires thy soul the sacred theme to chuse.
The painted mimicry of power divine,
The fabled labours of the tuneful Nine,
With all the pageantry of poet's brain,
No more, my friend, debase thy purer strain.
Heaven's choicest graces in thy verses shine,
Enrich thy numbers, and thy sense refine:

Heaven's gracious King informs thy softest lays,
Attunes thy feeble song to prayer and praise.

. Oh! may no worldly scene of short-liv'd joy
Thy tranquil state, thy pious peace, destroy;
No grov'ling views of time and sense conspire
To tempt thy mind, and quench the heavenly fire;
But grace, free grace, all obstacles remove,
And all thy soul be fill'd with cov'nant love.

*VERSES ON HEARING OF THE UNTIMELY
DEATH OF —.*

AH! with what feeble voice I cry,
O God, my God, to Thee!
Yet Thou, with condescending love,
Dost hear and answer me:

Or how, amid such various scenes
Of complicated woe,
Should my sad heart e'er cease to grieve,
My eyes to overflow?

Father of Heaven, and Source of Light !

Thou see'st the wondrous need
That under thy chastising hand
This rebel heart should bleed.

Time after time the destin'd shaft

My inmost soul hath try'd ;
So oft hath thy unfailing hand
The healing balm supply'd.

“ Wise, just, and righteous are thy ways ; ”

In all thy works I trace
The pledge of everlasting love,
The beam of sovereign grace.

“ Engrav'd as on eternal brass,

“ The sacred promise shines ;

“ Nor can the powers of Hell erase

“ Those everlasting lines.”

Kept were the feet of all thy faints

On that unshaken ground,
Who now appear before thy throne
With deathless glory crown'd.

Come then, my soul, thy sadness cheer;
This sanctified distress
Shall raise thee from the grov'ling scenes
Of earth-born happiness.

Let thy ascending powers explore
The realms of fadeless joy,
Where faints, with never-ending song,
Their golden harps employ.

If God but raise the feeble voice,
“And loose the stammering tongue,”
How sweetly harmoniz'd shall be
The pilgrim's artless song!

Thine attributes, the choicest theme,
Thy praise, thy wondrous power,
The Heaven-inspired muse shall sing,
Whilst list'ning saints adore.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT.

I HAVE no leisure to bestow
Where nought but sin and folly grow.
The world's society unknown,
My choicest hours are pass'd alone:—
Alone indeed I cannot be,
If God vouchsafe to dwell with me.

Think not, my friend, I censure those
Whom Providence hath wisely chose
To shine in more conspicuous light,
As stars that gild the darksome night;
Such, whose high worth their deeds proclaim,
And fix them in the ranks of fame:
These to the world are blessings given,
The bounty of all-bounteous Heaven.
But I—whom no distinctions charm,
Whose breast no public praise can warm;
Who from life's gayer scenes retir'd,
Taste pleasures more to be desir'd
Than wealth, or power, or honours give—
Must live unknown, or cease to live.
Oh happy hours that once I knew,
Ere yet I bade thy shades adieu,

My native haunt!—yet here I find
Content, that sunshine of the mind;
Her influence my bosom fills,
Soother of life's ten thousand ills.

Come then, Retirement, peaceful guest;
And Love, true harbinger of rest;
That “Love divine all loves excelling;”
Illuminate my humble dwelling.
Every choicest blessing bring
From Piety's exhaustless spring:
For some delightful theme explore
All Contemplation's richest store.
Let Wisdom's heavenly force impart
Divine instruction to my heart;
The salutary use explain
Of trials, cares, affliction, pain;
How needful each to erring Man,
Too ignorant himself to scan,
Too blind his interest to discern,
Too proud the ways of Heaven to learn;
In self-conceit supremely wise,
He scorns the wisdom of the skies,
Dotes on the toys of time and sense,
Nor looks beyond what those dispense.

Tremble, my soul, for men at ease,
Whose painted bark no ruffling breeze

Impedes ; but rapidly they glide,
Unthinking, down the silver tide
Of gay prosperity ; nor know
Of other Heaven than that below.

TIMES PAST.

O SOLITUDE ! thou friend to roving thought,
Time's best interpreter, with wisdom fraught,
With my own mind conversing, calm and free,
I find society enough in thee ;
Thy stillness helps my memory to retrace
Past joys—to recollect the time, the place,
Where once my favour'd hours serenely flow'd,
And blest experience led my soul to God.
Witness ye shades, where waves the ample pine
Aloft in air ; or where sweet shrubs entwine
The fabled goddesses * of the summer's store,
Whose bloomy treasures deck the fragrant bower ;
Or where the patroness of harvest † stood,
The silent beauty of the checquer'd wood ;
How oft, enamour'd of that lov'd retreat,
Have I sat musing on my favourite seat,
Call'd o'er the past, and, with reluctant view,
Beheld how swift the present moments flew.

* Flora.

† Ceres.

AUGUST VIIth.

SWEET solitary hour!—

That bring'st to mind my hours long since elaps'd,
When woods and groves, nursing the growth of
thought,

Crown'd all my leisure with sequester'd joys,
Such as my earliest wishes dearly priz'd;
Unknown, uncar'd for, by the careless world.
How blest was I, when my delighted mind
Pour'd forth her late and early lay, and hail'd
The loveliest scenes that Nature could disclose,
In rural haunts, my native shades among;
Where every sweet combin'd to cheer the sense;
And social blifs and dear domestic joy
Led on the dancing hours.—

No circumstance remains!—the hand divine,
That gave, hath now withdrawn:—chang'd is the
scene!

My heart, unfetter'd from Earth's dearest prize,
Springs at the prospect of unfading blifs:
Faith, immortality begun, and hope,
Still blossoming from day to day, ensure
My ripen'd blessings in the realms above.

Rough is the road, yet pleas'd I journey on ;
My pilgrim feet unwearied press the path
That leads me to my Canaan in the skies,
Where Sin, worst foe, shall never wound me more.

GOING TO ST. M— W—.

W HATE'ER the giddy world conceive
Of vanities below,

I only for those pleasures live

That lasting joy bestow.

(How oft my contemplative muse

This favourite theme has sung,

As haply I was wont to rove

My native shades among !)

My willing feet how swift they move

A long and dangerous way ;

(Invited by a Saviour's love,)

I tread with no dismay ;

Eager to gain the blest retreat,

Where richest comfort flows,

And hear the sound of tidings sweet

His messengers disclose :

That balm to heal the wounded mind
When needful cares oppress,
Those cares almighty love design'd
To lead to happiness.

For human ills, if ills they be,

From Him in mercy flow;

That Man his real good may see,

And all his weakness know.

Misfortune, with her fullen brow,

My former days have known;

And many an hour, furcharg'd with woe,

Has cost me many a groan.

But from on high a voice I heard,

Sweeter than angels' song,

Whence truths divine my bosom cheer'd,

And praise inspir'd my tongue.

O let that tongue for ever bless

The kind, the dark decree:

It was a sanctified distress,

And brought new joys to me.

Affliction oft but serves to hide

Some good as yet unknown;

Faith turns the mystic veil aside,

And finds it all her own.

IN THE CHURCH, BEING THERE TOO EARLY.

CLOTH'D in the "golden robes of grace,"
I worship in this holy place.
Howe'er the world my mind assail,
Lord! let thine influence prevail.
"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove!"
Inspire my soul with sacred love;
Breathe o'er my thoughts Devotion's flame,
Enrich them with the Saviour's name;
Shut from my heart each grov'ling care,
And all my soul for God prepare.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I COME—

Not in the gorgeous wedding-robe,
Such as thy children wear,
But cover'd with the mourning veil,
Unworthy to appear.

Let this my guilty blushes hide,
Let this the finner shroud,
While at the solemn feast I wait,
Amid the praying crowd.

O let me humbly creep behind,
The meanest of them all;
And feed me with the crumbs alone
That from thy table fall.

Shall my presuming hand go forth,
To reach the royal feast?
May I too taste thy dying love,
Who am the worst and least?

Dost thou these precious gifts bestow,
My Saviour and my King,
On one who, destitute as I,
Has offering none to bring?

No offering but a faithless heart,
A sin-polluted soul,
Base and defil'd in every part;
Yet Thou canst make them whole.

Wilt thou, O Lord, my vows regard,
My penitence receive;
And through my Saviour's cleansing blood
My pressing wants relieve?

Thou see'st at once my inmost soul,
My thoughts are known to Thee;
Thou weigh'st the sense of all my words,
And their sincerity.

Fain would I walk as one redeem'd
From every vain desire:
Lord! may thy sanctifying grace
Each word, each thought inspire.

OF BEHAVIOUR IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

NE'ER let thy thoughts unheeding stray,
Nor wander in the world's broad way;
Nor mingle with thy prayer and praise
The vain conceit, the idle gaze.
For others an example draw,
Whilst love and reverential awe

Shine forth in all thy outward frame,
And inward piety proclaim.
With grief the carelefs-ones survey,
And for their souls in secret pray :
All censure of their ways decline ;
Till grace renew'd thee, such were thine :
If others faults alone thou see,
God finds a dreadful one in thee.

WALKING ALONE INTO THE CITY.

W HETHER in solitude I stray,
Or walk the city's busy way,
O Thou, my heavenly Guide,
With unremitting care attend ;
My God, my everlasting friend,
O'er all my steps preside.

Though various dangers wait around,
And enemies my peace confound,
Thou art my refuge still :
Though oft my weak and slacken'd pace
Prevents me in the heavenly race,
I wait thy fovereign will.

From Pisgah's top, with earnest eye,
 The sweet inheritance I 'spy,
 Bequeath'd me from above:
 The promise sounds, my Saviour's voice
 Makes all my inward soul rejoice,
 And fills me with his love.

PRAYING FOR RENEWING GRACE.

O THOU! who dwell'st in underived light,
 With thy own beams this breast irradiate.
 From this dull clod call forth the latent spark,
 Whose feeble glimmering but obscures the way,
 And Error's mazy track the more confounds.
 The living principle first given by Thee,
 Feed and invigorate: and O thou Star
 Of sweetest influence! to my soul impart
 Thy cheering emanations, and dispel
 The mist of Sin:—
 “By sacred chymistry” each thought refine,
 And each deprav'd desire create anew;
 The rebel heart, the will averse, restrain;
 Quicken the slumb'ring sense to higher views

Than Earth's low-thoughted scenes : and oh thou
Source

Of happiness, of holiness, of truth!
Some ray of thine illumining grace afford;
That with resplendent brightness it may shed
“ E'en present glory on the outward man ;”
Foreshewing that blest period, when the soul,
Disfurnish'd of its dross, shall boldly stand
In “ glory's fullest blaze before thy throne.”

“ SING TO YOURSELVES IN PSALMS,” &c.

THOUGH high the waves of sorrow roll,
And difficulties press;
Submission makes a calm within,
And lightens the distress.

Though now he hides him in a cloud,
His presence still is nigh;
And soon his all-providing hand
Shall every want supply.

New trials are new blessings sent
God's faithfulness to prove;
And all thy sufferings the design
Of everlasting love.

MUSING.

O wondrous love! that vilest worms should be
By grace exalted to so high degree;
To fit with faints, to mingle with the blest,
And share the kingdom of eternal rest!

What is this summer-world, this short-liv'd span,
This lap of Dalilah, O sinful Man?
Such are thy things of nought, thy gewgaw toys,
Thy shadowy trifles, thy unseason'd joys;
Thy creature-comforts but a brittle reed,
Which makes the hand that leans upon it bleed.
Earth has no solid, durable delight;
The bliss that's lasting lies beyond our sight.

Of vain disquietudes, my soul, beware;
O, be thou humble and sincere in prayer;
Each day to sovereign love commit thy ways,
Nor heed th' injurious world, its scorn or praise.
Miscalld Prosperity, that once wast mine,
And didst with filken bands this heart entwine,
Grace has dissolv'd thy charms, and now I know
Thy real name; thy real name is—Woe.
Rous'd from the transient state of ease supine,
I felt the chastisement of love divine:

The great Physician has, with matchless skill,
Drawn precious sweets from every bitter ill;
And now his gracious purpose plain appears,
I feel my pains assuag'd, dispell'd my fears;
He pours the healing balm on every wound,
Till joy, and praise, and heavenly peace abound.

THANKFULNESS.

ALL language is too faint to shew
What mercies from my Saviour flow
Amid the dreary scenes of woe:

How with his love, ten thousand ways,
He gilds the winter of my days,
And fills my soul with joy and praise.

Ah! I have never known a care,
Nor ever shed a sorrowing tear,
That yields not now a joy sincere.

*EJACULATION,
WAITING TO APPROACH THE LORD'S TABLE.*

W H I L E humbled for my sins, O Lord!
I wait upon the promis'd word:
O stay my soul upon thy love,
And let me all thy mercies prove.
Shall Satan draw my thoughts aside,
Or with the world my heart divide?
I never will allegiance own
To any—but my God alone.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

T H O U G H I had every bliss in store,
Of wealth, of honour, and of power:
Poor were I still, should God deny
The seeming good to sanctify.

Though on my bark the cross-winds blow,
And fill my swelling sails with woe;
Successful still my voyage shall be,
If God vouchsafe to smile on me.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

SINFUL and vile my nature, Lord!

I come before thy throne :
Pity my low and languid state,
And seal me for thine own.

When through the force of my disease
I cannot think on Thee,
O Saviour! still my faith renew,
For Thou hast died for me.

Justly I feel thy chast'ning rod,
And bow my conscious head,
Whilst Thou with sweet compassion, Lord,
Dost smoothe my mournful bed.

At every quick-returning pain
Thou giv'st the balm that heals
(What pangs foe'er the body pierce)
All that the spirit feels.

O Father! to thy sovereign grace
I every comfort owe :
One glimpse of thy paternal face
Disperses all my woe.

THE TRUE WISDOM.

COME, heavenly Wisdom, guest divine !
With me vouchsafe to dwell ;
Eager I trace thy wondrous joys,
And bid the world farewell :
Its bustling scenes and vain pursuits
Long has my heart disdain'd,
And in the school of Scripture taught,
More lasting treasures gain'd.

Give me my little inch of time,
From idle dreams secure,
And fill my soul from Wisdom's source,
With joys select and pure :
Then o'er the rough and briery way
My steps shall lightly tend ;
Wisdom my counsellor and guide,
And God my promis'd end.

AM I OF THE FLOCK?

“ By the still stream and pasture fair”

My feet delight to stray ;

Conducted by my Shepherd's care,

He leads me all the way.

The footsteps of the flock I know,

And Zion's sacred hill :

Such favour does my Saviour shew,

And such his sovereign will.

Sweet and refreshing to my taste

The teachings of his word :

How welcome to my troubled breast

The comforts these afford !

Whate'er my Lord vouchsafes t' impart,

I thankfully approve :

He bids me rest my boding heart

On everlasting love.

Amidst the world's perplexing throng

I hear the Shepherd's voice :

His name is a melodious song,

That makes my heart rejoice.

His acts, his judgments, I revere,
His mysteries adore;
His sufferings my glory are,
“His joy my strength and power*.”

WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

THOU Spirit of eternal truth,
Thou! to whose only power
My soul can look for faith and hope
In every trying hour;
O work in me to will and do
The thing that pleaseth Thee;
For in myself no good I know,
But sore depravity.

Thou Spirit of consummate grace,
Fountain of love divine,
Author of heavenly blessedness,
Come, fill this heart of mine.
Jesus, thou everlasting strength!
My only refuge, God!
Behold thy willing servant bow
Beneath thy chast'ning rod.

* “The joy of the Lord shall be my strength.” PSALMS.

Weak and unstable as I am,
Thy willing servant made,
Boldly thy promises I claim,
Through cov'nant love convey'd,
Almighty Power! defend my heart,
“Its inmost thoughts controul,”
Let not the faithless world have part,
Do Thou possess the whole.

Abate my pride, restrain my will,
My unbelief subdue;
Cleanse me from every secret ill,
And all my powers renew:
According to thy richest grace,
My life from sin secure;
And lead me in thy steadfastness,
To “joys for ever pure.”

IN A SEASON OF GREAT TROUBLE.

I HUMBLY pray thee, O my God!

To guard me on this thorny road;

Let not the tempest gath'ring round,

My courage or my faith confound.

Thou only object, end, and aim,

Through every path of life the same;

Each joy, each trial, springs from Thee:

Thy righteousness in all I see;

And wond'ring view the vast design,

Where grace, and truth, and wisdom join.

Thy chastisement, I know full well,

Hath kept me from the gates of Hell;

Taught me my Saviour's love to know,

And wean'd my soul from all below;

Has giv'n my spirit wings to soar

Where grief shall never find me more.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

SURELY, O Lord! I now can say,
“Thy gracious will be done:”
Those willing words flow freely forth,
Nor loiter on my tongue.

My pain and sickness I receive
As messengers of love:
They point to an eternal rest
With blessed saints above.

No charge the Adversary brings
Against thy rebel child;
Jesus has brought my pardon down;
I see Thee reconcil'd.

No drag upon my chariot wheels,
Relinquish'd all below,
My soul would burst its prison-bars,
And fly this vale of woe.

A monument of sov'reign grace,
I yield myself to Thee,
Nor cast one ling'ring look behind;—
Jesus has set me free.

WHO ARE THE REDEEMED OF THE LORD?

THE Lord hath given them eyes to see
The beauties of his face;
To love the ways of holiness,
And all the means of grace.

The Lord hath open'd their deaf ears,
To hear the joyful sound,
The tidings of redeeming love,
Of sinners lost and found.

The Lord hath loos'd their stamm'ring tongue,
And taught them prayer and praise;
Their hearts made willing to receive
Their God, in all his ways.

Christ crucify'd is all their hope,
His faithfulness their stay;
Whilst other souls in darkness grope,
And stumble in the way.

The Lord hath broke the fallow ground,
A sense of sin bestow'd;
Whilst other souls embrace their chain,
Nor feel their guilty load.

The Lord hath given them power to taste,
 To relish food divine;
 Whilst other souls to earth and sense
 Their narrow joys confine.

The Lord hath in his word reveal'd,
 And made his promise sure,
 That they may run their Christian race,
 And "patiently endure."

Then let redeemed-ones rejoice,
 Their cheerful voices raise
 Above all others: let their hearts
 Unite in love and praise.

WRITTEN UNDER BODILY AFFLICTION.

STRICKEN of Thee, O Lord! I mourn,
 And count the lagging hours;
 Impatient for the glad return
 Of Health's reviving powers.
 The sacred word unopen'd lies,
 Nor yields me sweet employ;
 No precious author cheers my soul,
 Or fills my heart with joy.

Fain would I feed on mercies past,
To mitigate my woe ;
On my furrounding blessings feast,
While praises overflow.
O for that faith that looks afar
Beyond this mingled scene ;
That brings the heavenly Canaan near,
Though ages roll between !

Courage, my soul ! thy threescore years,
And more, are pass'd away ;
And many a bitter sigh and tear,
That mark'd thy gloomy way.
In infancy constrain'd to weep
Beneath affliction's rod,
E'en then I felt how rough, how steep,
The way that leads to God.

Once lifted high on pleasure's wing,
The careless years went round ;
Rapt in the world's fantastic ring,
No other bliss I found.
Ah ! had my little bark remain'd
Upon this summer sea,
The richest portion I had gain'd
Were sin and misery.

ON HEARING OF THE LONG-CONTINUED SUFFERINGS OF A DYING CHRISTIAN,
Whose spiritual Evidences were under a Cloud.

ON that this long-protracted space
May be for new supplies of grace;
By Faith's clear evidence to 'spy,
From Pisgah's top, the land of joy!
Then shall the disencumber'd soul
Enraptur'd fly to reach the goal;
From sin, from pain, from death set free,
To rest, O God! for ever rest in Thee!

THE SINNER'S MORNING SONG.

Imitation of an old spiritual Writer.

AND shall thy mercies, O my God!
Pass unregarded by,
When I have laid me down and slept
Beneath thy watchful eye?
I—who have tasted of thy love
Ten thousand different ways—
Shall I not dedicate my song
To thine eternal praise?

The business of this empty world
Is idleness to me:
How unimportant every thing
That leads me not to Thee!
Once I could relish worldly scenes,
As well as others do;
But, glory to thy heavenly name!
Thou didst my taste renew.

A sickly appetite had I,
And sickly joys were mine;
And many an idol tempted me,
And did my heart entwine.
O! it were pain to reckon o'er
The follies of each day;
To call to mind the senseless cares
That stole my heart away.

But Thou, my God, my Father, Friend!
Hadst mercy then in store;
And Satan's fond delusions fled
Before thy sovereign power.
O, let my gratitude to Thee,
My strict obedience prove,
Until I quit this mortal scene,
And join the hosts above:

There, where no night shall intervene,
Or sigh or tear be known;
Where everlasting joy and peace
The heirs of glory crown.

*EVENING MEDITATION ON THE
CRUCIFIXION.*

Imitation of the same.

My Lord, my Saviour died,
For guilty sinners sake:
The tokens of his love
Oft keep mine eyes awake.
I cannot chuse but mourn,
That He should suffer so;
And yet it is the source
Whence all my comforts flow.
I cannot chuse but mourn,
Whose sins made Him to bleed;
And yet, such sacrifice
My soul from death hath freed.
'Twas not the treacherous Jews
That did my Lord betray;
It was my heinous sins,
More treacherous far than they.

'T was not the soldier's spear
That pierc'd my Saviour's side;
'T was my ingratitude,
My unbelief, my pride.
These were the bloody thorns
That did his temples wound,
And caus'd those sacred drops
That did bedew the ground.

And when his Father's wrath
Drew forth that bitter cry,
He yielded up his life
For rebels—such as I.
And can I chuse but mourn,
When skies and rocks did rend,
And Nature veil'd her face,
At sight of such an end?

But haste, my soul, to view
Thy happiness restor'd,
And death and hell subdu'd,
By thy triumphant Lord:
Put off thy mourning weed,
Thy Jesus reigns on high,
Receiving gifts for men,
For rebels—such as I.

EVENING HYMN.

TEN thousand mercies from the Lord
Have I this day enjoy'd :

How should each grateful moment be
In prayer and praise employ'd ?

But though the transient day be fled,
Gone, like the passing wind ;
What is the record, O my soul,
That it has left behind ?

Was it a day mispent or lost,
Or thriftily improv'd,
And given to what concerns thee most,
And should be most lov'd ?

Brought it sweet favour forth to God ?
Shall He approve thy day ?
Accept the fruit that it has borne,
Or cast it all away ?

What says the witness in thy breast,
That monitor within?
It sends thee to the throne of grace,
Acknowledging thy sin.

Each night, my soul, thy walk review,
And all thy guilt confess;
Nor close thine eyes till thou hast fought,
In Christ, the promis'd peace.

There is a day, my soul, at hand—
O may that day be thine!—
Whose beams no cloud shall ever shade,
Whose sun shall ne'er decline.

GOD'S FREE GIFT OF LOVE.

WHAT marks, my soul, hast thou to shew
Of God's free gift of love?
What witness doth abide in thee,
With unction from above?

What likenefs can I fhew of thofe
In whom the Lord displays
His renovating power, the gift
That fills their hearts with praife?

Hath He not taught my tongue to fay,
This gift I dearly prize;
It is of higher worth to me
Than all beneath the fkies?

Whilst others covet earthly ftore
Of vanities below,
I covet that exhauftlefs mine
Whence the true riches flow.

On God's free gift to finful men
My thoughts delight to rove,
His power, his matchlefs excellence,
And all his wondrous love.

Do I in felf-abafement call
My guilty heart to own,
That as a rebel I am fav'd
By this free gift alone?

“Of sinners chief, of saints the least,”

Do I myself confess?

Is Jesus my confiding hope,

And all my righteousness?

Doings and duties, “loss and dung,”

No rivals in his stead?

And do I place the victor's crown

Upon my Saviour's head?

Do I rejoice, with heart and voice,

His honour'd name to sing?

To spread around the welcome sound,

That Christ's my God and King?

My soul and body are they made

An offering for my God?

My walk, my talents, and my time,

Whate'er He has bestow'd?

These are the symptoms that alone

Evince a soul set free

Through faith in God's beloved Son:—

Oh, be they found in me!

TO MIRANDA,
ON HER LEAVING ME.

WITH joy, Miranda, could I pass
The live-long day with thee;
Refreshing as the falling dews
Thy presence is to me.

My heart, with sweet complacency,
Attentive to thy voice,
With sympathetic ardour glows;
I weep—and I rejoice.

How vainly Nature's liberal hand
Thy winning form array'd!
Thy springing bloom, thy dawn, was veil'd
In sorrow's gloomy shade.

Youth, beauty, song, and joy, no more
Thy heedless hours beguil'd;
Far other hours soon follow'd those
That had so sweetly smil'd.

I pause—I ponder and admire
The gracious hand unseen,
That kept thee while the tempest rag'd,
Then gave thee skies serene.

Thy adverse, thy mysterious fate,
Thy labyrinth of woe,
Was all to speed the heavenly race,
And make thy comforts grow.

Nor would'st thou now thy lot exchange
For India's shining store :
No—all the splendour of the East,
So won, would leave thee poor.

A pearl inestimably dear
Within thy bosom dwells :
The riches of ten thousand worlds
This precious pearl excels :

Earnest of pure, unfading bliss,
Of life that never dies ;
The bright reward on faith bestow'd,
A portion in the skies.

THE GARDENER.

Alas! how dismay'd the gardener sees
The lovely blossoms on his trees
By noxious worms annoy'd;
His fruits maturing to the sight,
Despoil'd by some untimely blight,
And all his hopes destroy'd!

But when the favour'd plants appear
In all the beauty of the year,
He eyes the promis'd good:
What transports in his bosom glow,
To see the branches bending low,
Beneath their prosp'ring load!

Thus may my heavenly Gardener see
My faith still flourish like a tree
Beneath his skilful care;
Secure my boughs from cold and blight,
And view, well pleas'd and with delight,
Himself the fruit they bear.

Hast Thou the gracious work begun?
 Then shine, thou all-prolific Sun,
 And cheer my drooping powers:
 Ah! save from the rude blast of Sin,
 From every lurking foe within,
 That light and life devours.

If thus my garden Thou attend,
 My branches too with fruits shall bend,
 And yield a goodly store;
 No drought shall fear, shall never pine,
 Engrafted on the real Vine,
 And fenc'd by sovereign power.

SOLILOQUY.

THOUGH of that long-desired change
 No likelihood I see;
 Yet when the Lord shall say, "Arise,
 "Arise, and follow me,"
 The dimming darkness shall withdraw,
 The noontide beams shall shine,
 And thou become a monument
 Of grace and love divine.

Perhaps when o'er my clay-cold breast
The grassy turf shall grow,
My soul, in her eternal rest,
This wondrous work shall know.

WRITTEN AFTER A STORM.

THE storm is hush'd—How sweet the evening fun
Lays on that flowery hill his golden beams!
The vent'ring flocks their playful rounds renew;
Birds trim their plumage, and conclude the day
In sprightlier notes that charm the list'ning ear.
The scented flowers, refresh'd, once more disclose
Their hues, seen brighter thro' the pearly rain:
And as the deepen'd brook more placid winds,
And silent, it reflects the various bow.
Reviving Nature fills the musing mind
With the ineffable and rare delight
Of praise devotional.—
Thus trembles the awaken'd soul, when first
She hears the thunders of the law, and sees
The flash of Sinai's lightnings; but ere long,
“A still small voice” ensues, that whispers peace,
Peace and redeeming love:—that sound transforms
Her sighs to songs, and lifts her thoughts to Heaven.

PRAYING FOR GRACE.

LET not the springs of holiness
In me, O Lord! be dry;
Nor "let those things that yet remain,"
Wither, and droop, and die.

As showers of rain on parched ground
Sweet and refreshing flow;
So let thy quick'ning love descend,
To make my graces grow.

Whene'er the spirit's influence
Thy blest'd commands obey,
Not all the powers of earth or Heaven
The gracious work can stay.

For rich and poor the rain comes down,
The gift divinely free;
So is thy sovereign grace, O Lord!
To souls that look to Thee.

THE INFIDEL.

How helpless is the human mind,
Till grace its power reclaims ;
To all its real interests blind,
And fordid in its aims !
Entangled in the folds of sense,
It knows not how to rise ;
It can with heavenly things dispense,
And God's commands despise.

And if perchance a gleam of light
Illumine the dark breast,
Man slides into external forms,
And there he builds his rest :
Wand'ring in Error's trackless way,
A Deity he rears,
Such as he wishes him to be,
And neither loves nor fears.

Ah, hapless soul, by Satan bound
In adamant chain !
Who shall thy shadowy plans confound,
And prove thy projects vain ?

Let God arise with sovereign power,
 His saving arm extend;
 Thy soul shall live that self-same hour,
 And Satan's empire end.

ASTREA.

THOUGHTS ON HER CHARACTER.

* * * * *

IN rugged paths our choicest blessings lie,
 In horror's guise unknown to human eye;
 Till pious industry at length explores
 The mystery, and detects the hidden stores.
 Inur'd to weep, and mortify, and pray,
 To drive the melancholy hours away,
 Astrea fought, in wretchedness, relief,
 And in sad silence nurs'd her inward grief:
 Self-humbled, self-abas'd, at length she knows
 That peace which penitence alone bestows:
 By grace recover'd and consol'd, she feels
 The only balm that wounded spirits heals;
 Now at the throne with deep submission bends;
 Now, wing'd with joy, to Heaven itself ascends.
 Thus grace can life impart to lifeless forms,
 And God's immortal gift to dying worms.

VERSES

*Written in the Time of Affliction for the Loss of
a Son by a melancholy Accident.*

“Ye that e’er lost an angel, pity me.”

YOUNG’S *Night Thoughts.*

* * * * *

Away the gentle spirit flew;
I scarce had time to say—adieu!
So swift his airy wings were spread,
And every springing beauty fled.

No more thy baby softness charms,
Nor sickness of its rage disarms.

See! how the chilling hand of Death
Has rudely stopt the fragrant breath:

Less fragrant are the flowers that strew
Thy lifeless corse, than once wert thou!

The snow-drop see, with head reclin’d,
Blest emblem of thy lovely mind;

Native lillies not so bright,
Not so pure their radiant white;

Fittest offering for the skies,
Sweet unfully'd sacrifice.

Yonder stands the mournful yew,
Every leaf furcharg'd with dew:
O'er the sacred turf it weeps,
Where my lovely infant sleeps.
Sleep on, soft child! nor ever know
A parent's unavailing woe:
In this thy silent mansion stay
Till judgment summon thee away;
Then, when radiant spirits come
To receive their final doom,
Thou the sacred throng shalt join,
And freely taste of love divine.

Quit, ah quit the darksome grave,
Thou whom Jesus died to save;
Thou salvation didst obtain,
For ever with thy God to reign;
His pard'ning blood hath all supply'd,
And cleansed nature justify'd.

THE WISH.

MAY cloudless beams of grace and truth
 Adorn their unexperient'd youth :
 From specious ill, the bosom fin,
 And all the tribe that lurks within,
 O Saviour of the world ! defend :
 Be Thou their guardian and their friend ;
 Teach them the path thy saints have trod,
 And make their souls alive to God :
 The world shall then no force retain,
 Her Syren voice shall charm in vain ;
 Her fascinating smiles shall cease,
 And holy lives give inward peace.

THOUGHTS JOURNEYING.

JEHOVAH.

DREAD, incommunicable name !
 Jehovah ! glorious sound !
 What soul but must admit thy claim
 To love and awe profound ?

Here Reason, with unerring light,
The grand Peculiar shews;
While angels joyfully recite
Whence all their blessing flows.

In yonder boundless bright abode,
His everlasting throne
He fills—the self-existent God,
The independent One.

WORLDLY ANXIETY.

WHERE-E’ER I turn my thoughtful eyes,
What deep perplexity I view!
No pleasing prospect seems to rise;
The seasons wear a mournful hue;
Succeeding sorrows press on every side,
And threat’ning ills my hapless hours divide.

How oft Religion’s powerful balm
Hath smooth’d Misfortune’s rugged brow,
And hush’d my sorrows to a calm!—

Then whence this poignant anguish now?
Are all the triumphs of Religion fled?
Were they the inmates of my heart, or head?

Was there a time when matchless woe,
 From dire events, my heart assail'd?
 What healing aids did Faith bestow!
 That heavenly fountain never fail'd:
 Yet now, a faithless heart, desponding sighs,
 And boding fears, from every quarter rise.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

WHILE thus my soul, with worldly care oppress'd,
 In mournful numbers mournful thoughts express'd,
 A secret voice behind me seem'd to say,
 "Hast thou so soon forgot th' appointed way?
 "Th' accustom'd path which holy feet have trod,
 "Whence dying faints have breath'd their souls
 to God?
 "What are those radiant forms, with looks so
 bright,
 "With golden crowns, and robes of purest white?
 "Came these from realms of bliss and soft repose,
 "From worlds serene, where joy unmingled flows?
 "Came they from where no fighting-ones are found,
 "Or sin, or pain, or biting cares abound?
 "Ah, no! through Tribulation's thorny road,
 "The try'd and faithful favourites of God,

“ Cleans’d in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
“ Triumphant over sin and death, they came:
“ Deck’d in the Saviour’s robe of spotless hue,
“ They enter in, and find the promise true.”

Come then, my soul, the secret voice obey,
With strengthen’d hope pursue thy destin’d way;
With pious joy embrace the chast’ning rod,
And love each stripe that brings thee near to God.

DEVOUT CONTEMPLATION.

How lib’rally hath God bestow’d
His blessings all around !
The num’rous traces of his love
My wond’ring sight confound.

“ Not for our duties or deserts”
Has He this goodness shewn ;
For ah ! the evil of our hearts
Deserves his wrath alone.

A thousand ways, a thousand times,
In every circling day,
We prove our nature's fallen state,
And Satan's voice obey.

Although the oracles divine
Describe our path so plain,
We wander still, directed, taught,
And disciplin'd, in vain.

Ah, Lord! and doth thy kindness still
Our erring steps attend?
Unveil our eyes, enlarge our hearts,
Let sovereign grace descend.

Let not these transient, glitt'ring toys
Our final portion be;
Teach us, O Lord! the way that leads
To happiness in Thee.

While thankful for the various gifts
Of Providence below,
O lead us to the fountain-head
Whence lasting pleasures flow.

In our prosperity be near,
To make our going sure;
Left pleasure into devious paths
Our heedless steps allure.

Oh, righteous Father! answer now
The parent's earnest plea,
When for a blessing, Lord! she pray'd,
And wrestled hard with Thee.

Thy goodness then confirm'd her hope
Of thy effectual aid;
For help she knew was not deny'd,
Though for a while delay'd.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER A HEAVY LOSS.

My gracious God doth still provide,
His name be bless'd and glorify'd!
Although in trackless paths I stray,
Mourning my solitary way,
Refreshing streams of mercy flow,
To cheer the heart surcharg'd with woe.

“ By waters still and pastures green,”
 Far from the world’s embitter’d scene,
 Oh let me sweet retirement prove,
 And “ blest, and praise redeeming love.”

VERSES

IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR’S MOTHER.

KIND parent, faithful friend! O names how sweet!
 How precious each! how lovely when they meet!
 Friendship, when join’d with Nature’s fondest tie,
 Gives to the soul a taste of perfect joy.
 A joy so rare, a fervour so refin’d,
 Was for this life’s peculiar bliss design’d:
 “ Tho’ fann’d by adverse winds, a constant flame,
 “ In every intercourse of life the same.”

Rear’d by her hand, and to an early share
 Advanc’d of Sappho’s love and tender care,
 How blest was I through childhood’s little scene!
 Her soothing smiles made every day serene;
 And in maturer life, ne’er seen in vain,
 My joy augmented, or assuag’d my pain.

Her steady judgment and discerning sense,
 And truth, that nurse of mutual confidence,

In every feature eminently shone,
While each distinguish'd virtue was her own.
Grace from her lips distill'd like early dew,
Sparkling her wit, her converse ever new;
With unaffected ease her wisdom charm'd,
And her sweet counsel every bosom warm'd.

Such was my parent, such my boasted birth;
And though myself of less conspicuous worth,
Attentive let me still the pattern view,
With humble hope her shining course pursue,
And, steering by her precepts, safely guide
My little bark through life's tempestuous tide.
Oh! to my soul be given that zeal divine,
Sweet faint! that ever animated thine;
That constant fire that brighten'd all thy way
To the blest regions of eternal day!

But ah! how rare such worth as thine to see!
Such innocence! such genuine piety!
All we can frame of human excellence,
And every charm that virtue can dispense,
By sacred chymistry improv'd, refin'd,
Adorn'd my parent's evangelic mind.

Thou early faint! thy God's peculiar care,
Who gave thee wisdom, goodness, knowledge rare,

Taught thee thro' life's perplexing scene to shine,
 And prov'd by every mark the work divine,
 Farewell!—but only till, my voyage o'er,
 Grace join us yet again, to part no more.

ON THE SAME.

HARK! a parent angel sings,
 Spreading wide her heavenly wings:
 “ * Waiting pilgrim, patient stay
 “ In thy mould’ring house of clay;
 “ Cheerfully thy path pursue,
 “ Blest eternity in view:
 “ Let no anxious thoughts arise;
 “ God is righteous, just, and wise.
 “ All the promises are thine,
 “ Legacy of love divine.
 “ Kept by his hand, the saints endure;
 “ His covenant is firm and sure.
 “ —Waiting pilgrim, patient stay
 “ Till He summon thee away
 “ From thy mould’ring house of clay. }

* Her words, a few hours before her death.

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

Dust and ashes, Lord ! am I,
At best a sinful worm ;
And of myself the smallest good
Unable to perform.

Oft-times vexatious thoughts arise,
And fears torment my breast,
Lost in the maze of unbelief,
Forgetting where to rest.

So poor, so changeable, and vile,
Before my God I bow ;
And stretch my suppliant hands to Him
Who all things can bestow.

My vain anxieties He sees,
The mountain of my cares ;
'Midst all my infidelities
His rebel creature spares :

Nor only spares, but pours around
His blessings infinite ;
While I, alas ! with broken vows
His goodness still requite.

How crooked, how perverse, my ways !
Yet God has freely given,
In cov'nant love, a Saviour's hand,
To guide me safe to Heaven.

He guards my soul from Satan's wiles,
His wing of mercy spreads,
And in the path where dangers lie,
My feet securely leads.

In all his ways, divinely good,
He makes his comforts known ;
Preserves me in a faithless world,
And keeps me near his throne.

He gives me pardon, peace, and light,
Life, grace, and glory too ;
Sustains my soul through this world's night,
And will conduct me through,

*ADVICE TO A PIOUS FRIEND,
At the Time when the West Indies were in Danger of
the French; her pecuniary Interest being deeply
connected with such an Event.*

RESTRAIN your tears, and to this truth attend,
“ Who serve their God secure a lasting friend ;”
Each day, their sure protector and their guide,
He knows their wants, and can for all provide.
But shall dependent creatures dictate how,
Or say from whence the benefit shall flow ?
Shall lisping babes direct the artist’s hand,
Or man’s weak counsel save a sinking land ?—
Whose is the earth ? say, in whose sovereign power
The wide-stretch’d boundaries of seas and shore ?
At whose dread word do empires rise and fall,
Nature’s whole sphere obedient to his call ?
Had India’s stores uninterrupted pour’d
Their rich profusion on the merchant’s board,
No fears had troubled then Amanda’s breast,
No shaken faith depriv’d her soul of rest.

Start not, my friend, nor deem me too severe ;
Indulge my censure, as my love sincere.
I, self-experienc’d judge, full apt am I
To lean on straws, and man’s word deify.

Thus Satan prompts, and easy Nature woos,
And fancied blifs through Sin's false mirror shews.
But hence deceits ! that smile but to betray,
As treacherous quicksands cheat the trav'ler's way.
Though the fig blossom not, nor cheerful sound
In all our desert land, or joy, be found ;
Though gloomy skies thy brighter prospects hide ;
Still hope, be still dependent, still confide.

Tho' friends may fail, and richest isles be lost,
And every plan of fairest comfort cross'd,
He, from whose bounteous hand all blessings flow,
Shall heal thy wounded heart, and richest gifts
bestow.

MEDITATION.

God over-rules with sovereign power,
Unfathomably wise ;
While Man, short-liv'd and impotent,
Sees with benighted eyes :
His clouded reason points the way
To unsubstantial joy ;
Nought but the day-dreams of the world
His fleeting time employ.

With heedless haste he searches round
The earth's polluted space,
Where woes in armed legions stand,
To mock his fond embrace.
Stranger to God, his justice, power,
His all-discerning eye,
Fearless he treads the paths of Sin,
Nor feels destruction nigh.

Ah! what avails though man attain
To riches, honours, power;
If to himself he trust alone
But for a single hour?
If Christless, hopeless, he must be,
Where-e'er by passion led;
And while he lives, or seems to live,
A wretch already dead?

Hark! how yon bell's repeated toll
Informs the list'ning ear:
'Thy warning 't is, thou trifler Man!
And bids thy soul prepare:
Enough the round of follies past,
Of years consum'd in vain;
Happy, if thou may'st yet retrieve
Thy soul from endless pain.

The rose of every earth-born joy
The eye of sense beholds,
Heeds not the treacherous worm that lurks
Beneath its filken folds.

Ah ! what to an immortal soul
Are dreams and childish toys?
Such are the world's delusive scenes,
Its vanities, its joys.

Amidst a jarring world how blest,
And only blest, art thou,
Whose portion is the Saviour God,
And all their wish below !
Then haste, Lorenzo, while 'tis day,
Ere Night's dark veil descend,
Ere Death with one commission'd stroke
Thy joys for ever end.

PREPARATION FOR PRAYER.

My soul, leave trifling now,
Be watchful and compos'd :
To all the world below
Let my fix'd heart be clos'd.

Oh ! 't is a serious work,
For which thou would'st prepare ;
It is the work of God,
The holy work of prayer.

Thou scatter'st now the seeds
That shall hereafter yield
Or precious fruits, or weeds
For Satan's thorny field.

Then pause, my soul, awhile,
And to thy God draw nigh ;
Call on the Spirit's power,
Thy thoughts to sanctify.

MEMORANDUM.

O God! my God most dear!
Thou! whom I serve and fear,
O give me patience still
To wait upon thy will;
In darkest times to view,
By faith, the promise true,
And every moment prove
Thy chastisement was love.

SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Imitation of an old Writer.

I HUMBLY thank my God
For this sweet gleam of rest:
Whatever He bestows
Is always good and best.

Had I been sleepless still,
My heavenly Guard was nigh,
Who cheers the night with songs,
And fills the soul with joy.

Communing with my Lord
My sickness doth beguile,
And every threat'ning ill
Doth sweetly reconcile.

For sin I'd not exchange
My moaning and sick sighs;
For what my Lord doth send,
Above the world I prize.

While the world's gaudy charms
Allure but to destroy,
He feeds my soul with grace,
And makes my sadness, joy.

LEADINGS TO TRUE COMFORT.

CLOUDS may arise, and cross-winds blow,
To thwart the work of grace;
But all the vexing cares below
But speed the heavenly race.

Seek not th' accustom'd balm of grief,
The bosom of a friend:
One only refuge canst thou have,
Where friendship knows no end.

In vain, my soul! when thou art sad,
To search on barren ground
For earthly comforts, never made
To heal a spirit-wound.

Shun the vain world, my soul! and try
To realize the scene
Of happiness beyond the sky,
Where long thy hopes have been.

The world knows not, nor can conceive,
The cause that casts thee down;
But laughs at all the Christian's toils
To win a heavenly crown.

The pilgrim—he pursues his way,
Though the big mountain rise,
Content, “if o’er his head he see
“The distant smiling skies.”

His willing feet obedient strive
To mount the labour’d height;
The Pisgah prospect cheers his eye,
And gives him new delight.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY! thou choicest, lowliest maid,
Nurse of each grace, with every charm array'd,
Who know'st o'er others faults to cast a veil,
And turn'st aside from Censure's ready tale;
Of errors conscious and to failings prone,
See'st no depravity exceed thy own;
Humility! thy gentle self impart;
Come! make thy constant home my longing heart.

On thy fair tree do fruits celestial grow,
The holy walk, the Heaven begun below:
O give me in this jarring world thy rest,
Pour all thy sweetnesss in my troubled breast:
Then, let Unkindness with her baneful eye,
And raging Calumny with aspect fly,
Ingratitude, that chills with ruder blast
Than winter winds that sweep the dreary waste—
Let all combin'd their hostile arts employ;
They have no force that shall disturb my joy.

*THE DYING ARMINIAN,
OR PERFECTIONIST.*

A real Character.

HARK! hark! I hear the tolling bell;
It seems the voice of doom;
It minds me of my funeral knell,
And warns me to the tomb.
And am I for the way prepar'd?
What furniture have I?
What idols do my bosom share?
Am I prepar'd to die?

How far am I prepar'd to leave
This wilderness of sin?
What of a Saviour God believe?
And what shall make me clean?
Forth from his side a fountain flow'd,
Our souls from guilt to free;
But what my evidence to shew
That fountain flow'd for me?

Methinks, polluted less than most
With deeds of sin and shame,
I have a righteousness to boast,
And urge no groundless claim :
Yet, while this awful bell doth toll
Upon my list'ning ear,
Sad doubts arise within my breast,
And I am lost in fear.

Yet, if no actual sin I know,
No idle thoughts retain,
I have not serv'd a God so true,
So merciful, in vain.
He has, no doubt, approv'd my ways,
Accepted my desires :
Such sanctity of life as mine
Is all that He requires.

Then whence these doubtings in my breast ?
Doubts that my peace confound ;
And why has yonder tolling bell
Such horror in the sound ?
Away, this wild destructive fear !
My works to God are known :
These shall my happiness secure,
And fix me near his throne.

His mercy and his goodness join
To banish all my fear;
And soon my pardon'd soul shall shine
In yonder heavenly sphere.
If inward grace has conquer'd sin,
I, as the Saviour pure,
May face the terrors of the Judge,
My full salvation sure.

Great God! that Adam's fallen race
Should so dishonour Thee,
And trust their everlasting peace
To dreams and vanity;
Refuse the righteousness that can alone
Stand in thy sight, and madly plead their own!

PRAYER.

FIRM Hope and holy Confidence, descend
On praying souls; their blessed work attend.
Prayer soars aloft, with wide-extended wing,
Swift on commission to the heavenly King:
Beyond the haunts of impious men it flies,
To bring down blessings from the distant skies;
It fans the latent spark of heavenly fire,
Nor rests till it obtains our best desire.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

DAY's cheerful beams are now withdrawn,
Night's dimming veil is spread;
Nature puts on her sable robe,
And mirthful scenes are fled.
The bell, Time's monitor, strikes One,
Churchyards are shadow'd o'er,
And hollow winds make hearts to feel
That never felt before.

At such an hour, with God alone,
My soul prefers the night,
Shut from the day-dreams of the world,
That hinder my delight.
Where-e'er my God vouchsafes to be,
Where-e'er his footsteps shine,
The darkest night, the brightest day,
Are seasons all divine.

The vexing cares which mortals know,
Amid the bustling throng,
Now seem to sleep; and purest joys
To this sweet hour belong.
Such seasons lift my soul to God;
I hear "the still small voice;"
And rather would I mourn with thee,
Than with the world rejoice.

Where in this wearying vale of sin
Can I such converse taste?
Where with such confidence repose
The secrets of my breast?

The coldest heart, that in time past
Has caus'd my tears to flow,
Design'd it not, but led me still
My soul's best Friend to know.

My former griefs, I thought my foes,
Did most my soul befriend :
By these I learn'd myself to know,
And on my God depend.

Thy presence, Lord ! in every place,
Engages so my love,
I would not for ten thousand worlds
That presence should remove.
Oh ! 't is a dull, a joyless place,
Where God is never found :
Keep me, my Saviour ! give me grace
To flee th' unhallow'd ground.

THE END.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

My former guide, I thought my loss,
 Did mark my soul's condition;
 By these I learn'd myself to know,
 And on my God depend.

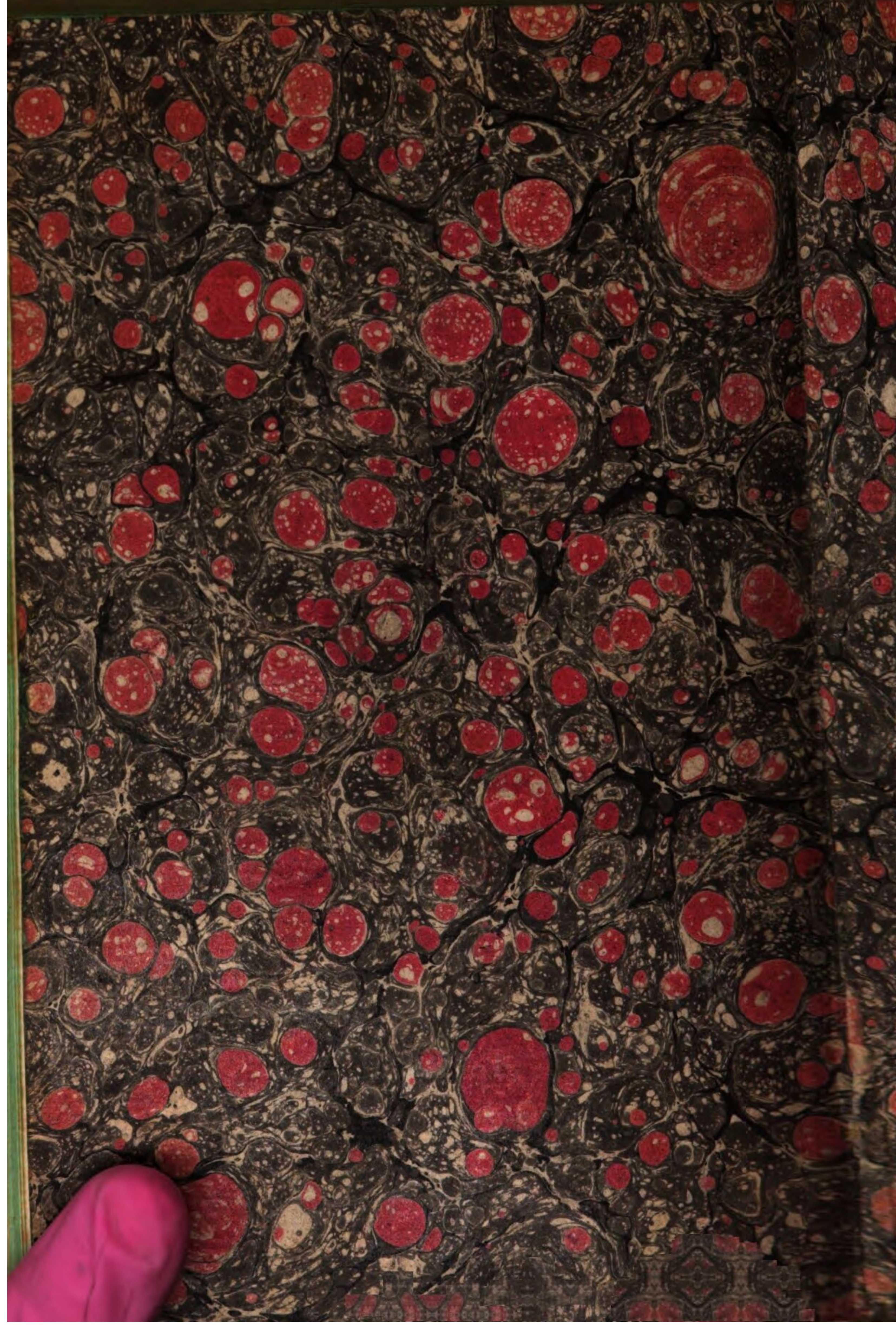
Thy presence, Lord! in every place,
 Sweeter to my love,

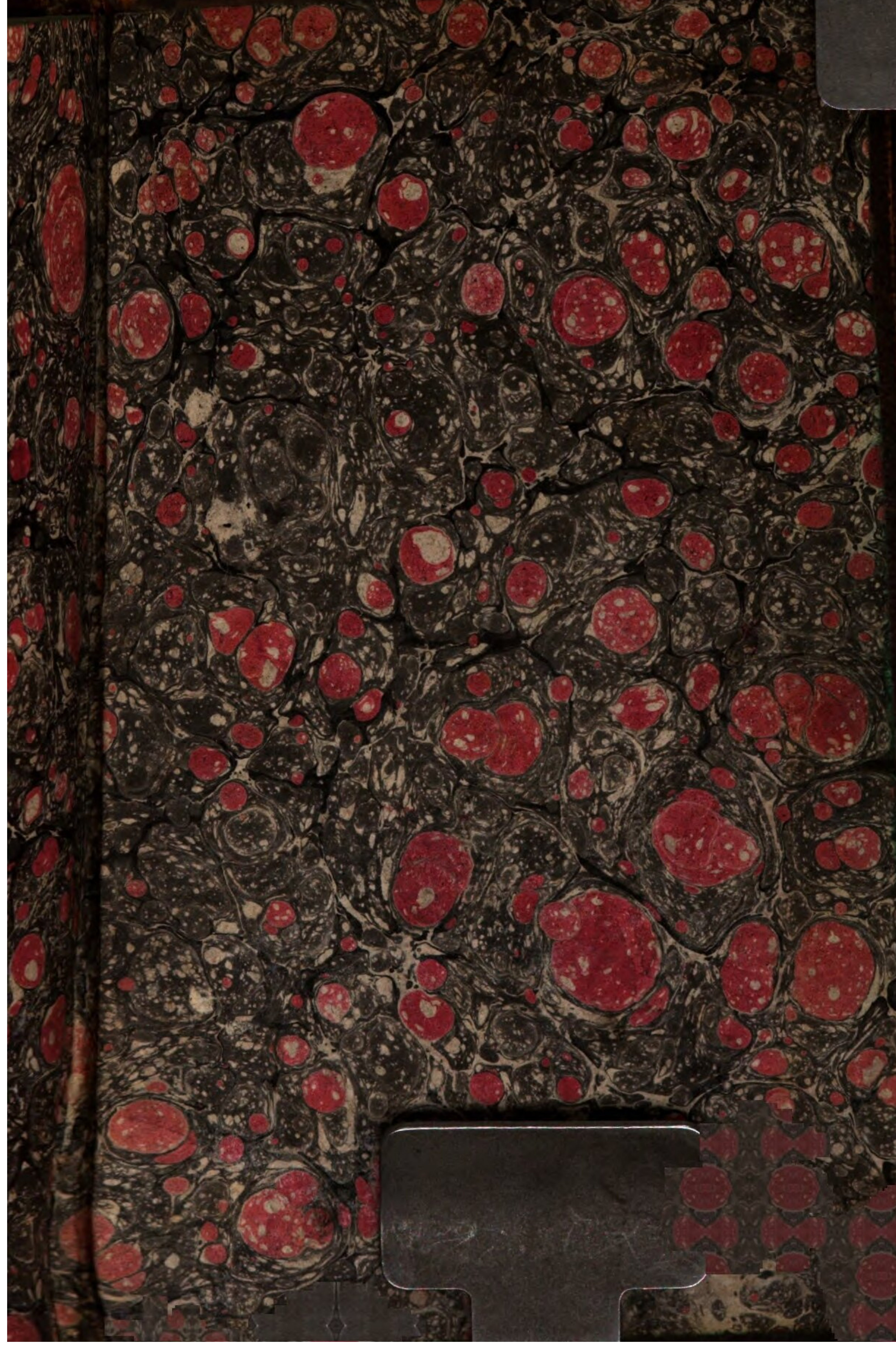
I would not for ten thousand worlds
 That presence should remove.

Oh! 'tis a dull, a foolish place,
 Where God is never found;

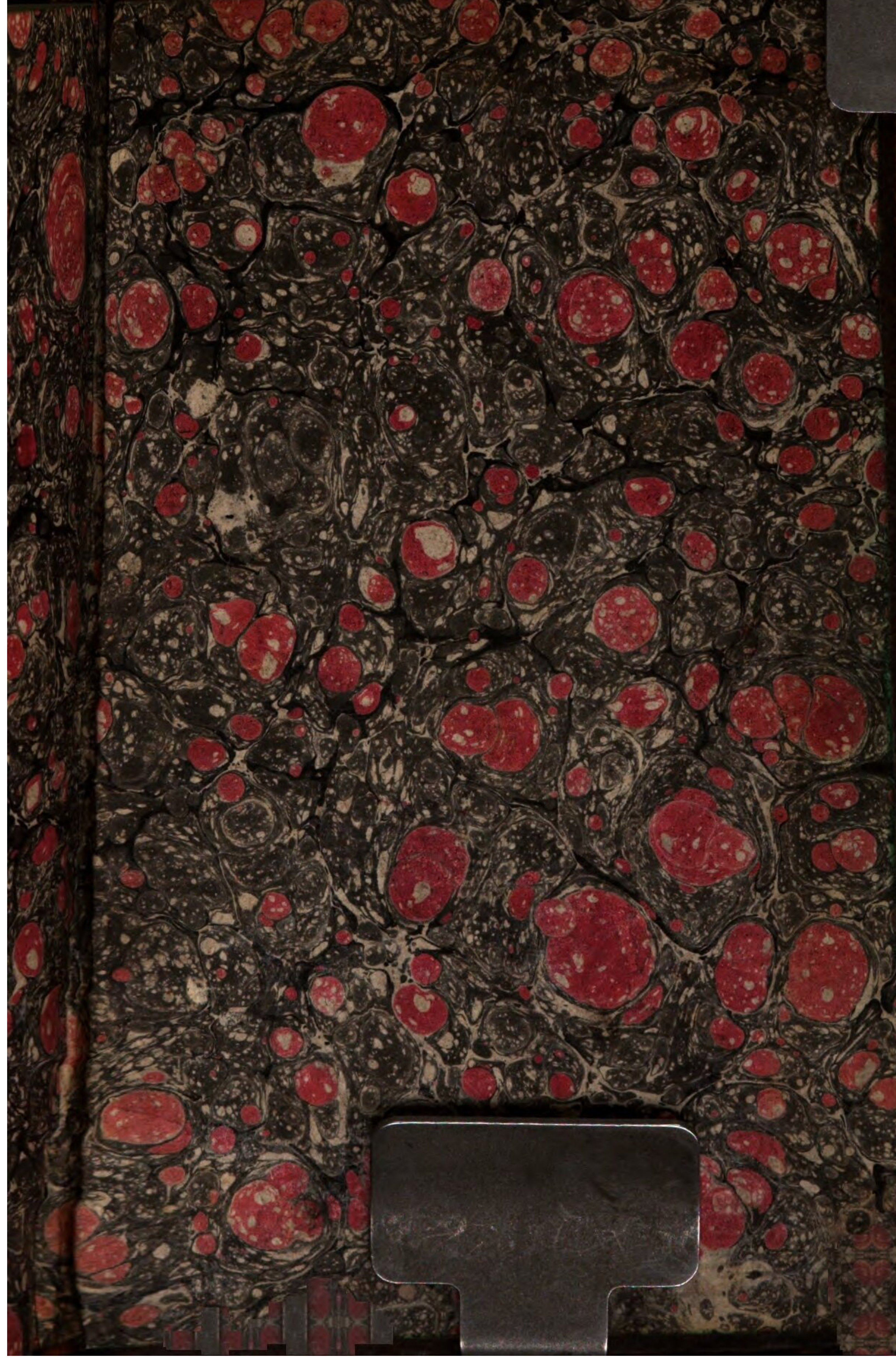
Keep me, my Saviour! give me grace
 To see the magnitude of ground.

THE END.

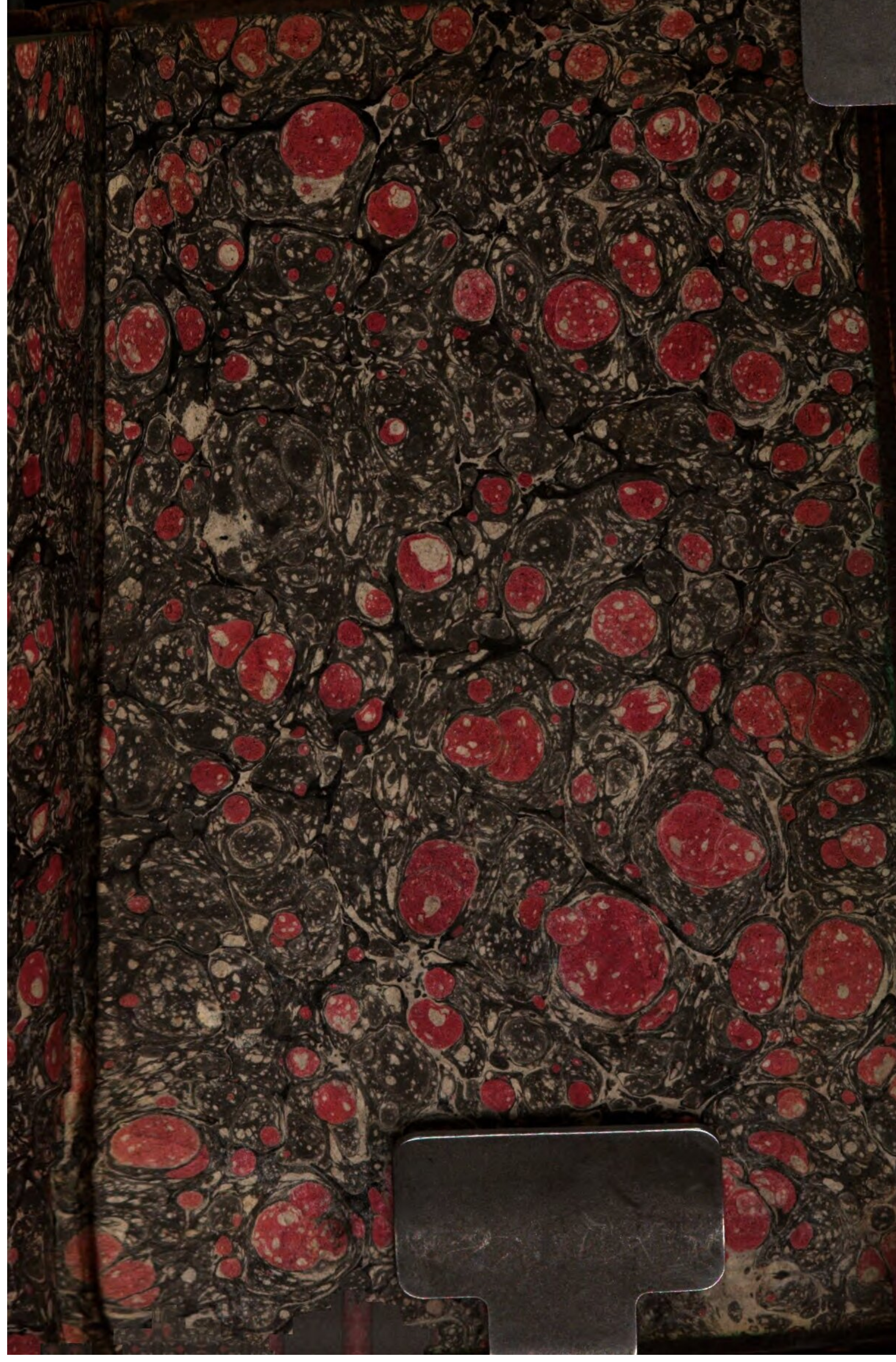














Original poems

London 1792

P.o.angl. 283

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748219-1